

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady had take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

*Ol.* Sir, I had them take away you.

*Cl.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not morley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

*Ol.* Can you do it?

*Cl.* Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

*Ol.* Make your prooffe.

*Cl.* I must catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my Moule of vertue answer mee.

*Ol.* Well fir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your prooffe.

*Cl.* Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?

*Ol.* Good foole, for my brothers death.

*Cl.* I thinke his foule is in hell, *Madona*.

*Ol.* I know his foule is in heauen, foole.

*Cl.* The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

*Ol.* What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decays the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

*Cl.* God send you fir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: *Sir Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

*Ol.* How say you to that *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

*Ol.* O you are sicke of selfe loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

*Cl.* Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

*Ol.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

*Ma.* I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

*Ol.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Ma.* *Sir Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

*Ol.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

*Exit Maluolio.* Now you see fir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

*Cl.* Thou hast spoke for vs (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes.

*Enter Sir Toby.* One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

*Ol.* By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate *Cosin*?

*To.* A Gentleman.

*Ol.* A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

*To.* 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle-herring: How now *Sor*,

*Cl.* Good *Sir Toby*.

*Ol.* *Cosin*, *Cosin*, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

*To.* Letcherie, I desie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

*Ol.* I marry, what is he?

*To.* Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

*Ol.* What's a drunken man like, foole?

*Cl.* Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

*Ol.* Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o' my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

*Cl.* He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him *Ladie*, hee's fortified against any deniall.

*Ol.* Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

*Mal.* Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'll stand at your doore like a Sherifes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'll speake with you.

*Ol.* What kinde o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why of mankind.

*Ol.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of verie ill manner: hee'll speake with you, will you, or no.

*Ol.* Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pelfod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he speaks verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

*Ol.* Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

*Enter Maria.*

*Ol.* Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orsino's* Embassie.

*Enter Violenta.*

*Vio.* The honorable *Ladie* of the house, which is she?

*Ol.* Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the *Ladie* of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee stay: I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

*Ol.* Whence came you fir?

*Vio.* I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the *Ladie* of the house, that

may proceede in my speech.

*Ol.* Are you a Comedian?

*Vio.* No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the *Ladie* of the house?

*Ol.* If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

*Vio.* Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Ol.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

*Ol.* It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawey at my gates, & allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be brieue: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Ma.* Will you hoyst sayle fir, here lies your way.

*Vio.* No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete *Ladie*; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

*Ol.* Sure you haue some hidden matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your eare: I bring no ouer-ture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

*Ol.* Yet you began rudely. What are you?

What would you?

*Vio.* The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, profanation.

*Ol.* Giue vs the place alone,

We will heare this diuinitie. Now fir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweete *Ladie*.

*Ol.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

*Vio.* In *Orsino's* bosome.

*Ol.* In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.

*Ol.* O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good *Madam*, let me see your face.

*Ol.* Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Looke you fir, such a one I was this present: Ift not well done?

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Ol.* 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:

*Ladie*, you are the cruell'st shee aliuie, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie.

*Ol.* O fir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers seedes of my beautie. It shall be Inuentoried and euery particle and venisile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud:

But if you were the diuell, you are faire:

My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue

Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd

The non-pareil of beautie.

*Ol.* How does he loue me?

*Vio.* With adorations; fertill teares,

With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

*Ol.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him

Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainelesse youth;

In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:

He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did loue you in my masters flame,

With such a suffring, such a deadly life:

In your deniall, I would finde no fence,

I would not vnderstand it.

*Ol.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,

And call vpon my soule within the house,

Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,

And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:

Hallow your name to the reuerberate hills,

And make the babling Gossip of the aire,

Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest

Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,

But you should pittie me.

*Ol.* You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

*Vio.* About my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman.

*Ol.* Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more,

Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,

To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:

I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

*Vio.* I am no feede poast, *Ladie*; keepe your purse,

My Master, not my selfe, lacks recompence.

Loue make his heart of flint, that you shall loue,

And let your seruour like my masters be,

Plac'd in contempt: Farewell sayre crueltie.

*Exit*

*Ol.* What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinks I seele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtle stealth:

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoa, *Maluolio*.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* Heere *Madam*, at your seruice.

*Ol.* Run after that same peeuish Messenger

The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him

Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,

Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to morrow,

I'll giue him reasons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.

*Exit*

*Ol.* I do I know not what, and feare to finde

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde.

*Fare*